

The Saturday Evening Post

Vol. II—No. 44.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1923.

Whole No. 116

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 55 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$4 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$5 at the end of the year.



FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A VOICE FROM LEATHER-STOCKING.

From forests where panthers and leopards are prowling,
From mountains whose summits are touched by the sky,
From woods where the tempest howls and howls,
From rivers whose rapids in rainbows arise,
The voice of a stranger to man and his troubles,
That greets you afar off the lake of the west,
Where calmly and coolly the silver lake bubbles,
Where banks by the white-man have never been pressed.

So long since the day that I left you behind me,
The nearest to mountains that contain the sun,
The time then was few, now they're fewer that find me,
To linger so long as I weakly have done.

Come from a wilderness where I hunted when young,
To visit the woods where I hunted when young,
Where once unvisited was the Indian's devotion,
And once where the lark and the partridge have sung.

But ah! when the tempest of age has bereft me,
Of vigor and energy anciently mine,
How few are the comforts of life that I find me,
How dim are the sunbeams that ever me shine.

My hat has been level'd, my skin has been plumed,
The bells have been bared and muffled to the plume,
And the lake's o'er whose bosom my long rifle thunder'd,
Is free from those squadrons of water-fowl now.

My dogs, that have shared with their master his sorrow,
Are slumbering at last with the turf on their breast,
But soon shall I join them when nature shall borrow,
The clay that detains me from entering their rest.

To the home of the temple the light of my child hood,
The hill where I reared'd Eliza from fire,
And where the darker, the glen in the wildwood,
Where the tiger I fell'd in the time of his ire.

But where is Eliza? she too has departed,
To grace the light dance, in a mansion of love,
For the tree that so near her had suddenly parted,
Was a messenger sent to call her above.

And Oliver too! but the surf of Pacific,
Shall foam me a welcome as free and as brave,
And the soul of the Stinking trout tempests terrific,
Shall rise into life from the damps of the grave.

October 22, 1923.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A RICH MAN ONCE SAID TO A CROWD OF FRIENDS,

(For every rich man crowds of friends possesses),
"Who is there here that not on me depends,
Who is there that has not known my carresses?"
They all turn'd up their eyes unto their sun,

And in a noisy shout cried out "not one!"
"My friends," he cried, "if sorrow's deadly blight
Attack'd me, and if pain and woe came near,
Who is there, if my fortune set in night,
Would vanish if I say, what one that now is here
Would be my once bounteous friend and patron here?"

They all in a loud voice cried out "not one!"
Years' m'd away, at length his wealth was wasted,
Care was his brain, deep sorrow touch'd his heart,
He turn'd to those that had his bounty tasted

To ease his grief, by bearing off a part,
"My friends," he said, "come soothe my soul, I am un-
lucky."
He said, he looked around, and saw—not one!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FRIENDSHIP.

Give me the friendship that enwraths
Around the chilling cup of care,
Give me the balm soft pity breathes,
The feeling heart, the failing tear.

Be his in the goblet bright,
The gem of friendship glows,
To like the star that shines by night,
Through winter's storms and snows.

The world is a bitter one,
And men are govern'd all by gold,
But love in woman's breast begun,
Grows like the faithful ivy's fold.

Give me, still more tenderly
Her faith, her friendship purer glows,
She is the balm of misery,
The star that shines thro' storms and snows.

Alas! that clouds should ever steal
O'er her delicious sky,
That ever love's sweet life should feel,
Alas! that the gentlest sigh

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
But stormy wars are round it,
And dearly may a woman rue,
The hour that first she found it.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE PARTING.

We parted—yet thou didst not bid
One lonely, tender, kind adieu,
Or one endearing word impart,
To tell me thou wouldst still be true.

Oh! how ungrateful thus to prove,
So cold, unkind, severe,
When I so fondly thought that thou
Wouldst ever prove sincere.

What canst thou think my heart is cold
And senseless as thy own,
That feelings which I once possess'd
Are from my bosom flown.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP—TO MARY.

What is friendship?—'tis something more
Than a mere name, 'tis a charm that lulls to sleep,
O'er a heart's a sweet mysterious power,
Can two frail hearts in mutual kindness keep,
In the golden chain of love that binds,
In virtuous purposes, two virtuous minds,
It does not spring from selfish sordid views,
Nor get in pure devotion's begin,
Can only for its truest image change,
And less displays without, than feels within.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On being desired by a lady to drink to the girl I loved best.

Here's to the girl I love, and may each day
But make her happier as it rolls away.
A fairer form than hers, eyes cannot see;
A purer heart than hers, there could not be:
I will not wish her beauty, and to ask
Kind heaven for goodness, were an idle task,
When she possesses both—when may the maid
In worth and beauty never retrograde.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DYING CHILD.

The taper was just glimmering in the
socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother
awakened from a momentary slumber to re-
new her anguish: she turned her eyes on
her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were
slowly moving in their hollow sockets. It
was midnight, and nothing was heard but
the strokes of the clock pendulum and the
heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which
mingled with the short deep breath of his
suffering darling.

Half raised and leaning on his pillow, he
had been watching the dread moment when a
sigh or a struggle should announce, that
hope and life had together taken their ever-
lasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the
attention of the wretched parents from the
melancholy object of their meditation: it
was the expiring innocent's favorite bird,
whose food had been neglected ever since
the danger of his little admirer had absorbed
all other care; and, as the sad presage of his
late, it now expired? The parents looked
alternately on each other, and on the bird;
and at this instant, to add to their distress-
es, the candle ceased to burn—the father
seized the infant's hand—the mother felt
for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and
all was cold!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN HEIRRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends upon this
circumstance—distance! If the most bitter ene-
mies were to come into contact, how much their
ideas of each other would be chastened and correct-
ed! They would mutually amend their errone-
ous impressions; see much to imitate in each
other, and half the animosity which sheds its ban-
eful influence on society, would fade away and be
forgotten. It was one day when I was about seven
years old, after an unusual bustle in the family
mansion and my being arrayed in a black frock,
much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of
August, that I was told my maternal uncle had
come off like a lamb, and that I was the heir-
ess to ten thousand pounds per annum. This in-
formation, given with an air of infinite importance,
made no great impression upon me at the time;
and in spite of the circumstances being regularly
dwell on by my French governess at Camden
House after every hideous misdeed, I had
thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the
age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to
Levitas and promissories, and hear my uncle's will
read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials
for thinking Dr. Marrow's face, neither human
nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing
—appeared positively frightful, while he recited
his monstrous contents. It appeared, that my
father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled
and jangled through life, and that the only sub-
ject upon which they ever agreed was, to support
the dignity of the Varasour family. That in a
moment of unprecedented union, they had de-
termined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar,
and the estates to me, to keep both united in the
family we should marry. And it seemed which
ever party violated these precious conditions, was
actually dependent on the other for bread and
butter. When I first heard of this pious arrange-
ment, I blessed myself. A passionate, overbear-
ing, dissolute young man, though I, for a husband
of an orphan, of a girl, who has not a nearer re-
lative than himself in the world; who has no father
to advise her, no mother to support her. A pro-
fessed rake too; who will merely view me as an
incumbrance on his estate—who will think no
love, no confidence, no respect, due to me—will
insult my feelings, divide my sentiments, and
with the unkindness the best affections of my
nature! No—I am concluded, as my constitution
revolted—I have the greatest possible re-
spect for guardians, reverent their office, and tremble
at their authority; but to make myself wretched
merely to please them;—No, no—I positively can-
not think of it.

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons,
went on. The gentleman was within a few months
of being twenty one, and, on the day of his attain-
ing age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure
to fulfill the arrangement. My opinion, I found,
was to be asked. A rich and titled husband was
procured for me, and I was to take him and be
thankful. I was musing on my singular situ-
ation, when a thought struck me—Can I not see him
and judge of his character unsuspiciously by him-
self? This is the season when he pays an annual
visit to his god-mother, why not persuade her to
let me visit her once? The idea, strange as it
was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me
at Vale Royal, without carriage, without horses,
without servants, at all appearance a girl of no
pretensions or expectations, and avowedly de-
pendent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating
suddenly as I descended to the dining room, where
I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my
fate; and I never shall forget my start of sur-
prise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather re-
served young man, in apparent ill health, was in-
troduced to me as the only, dissolute, and dis-
trasted heir. Precisely how I have been hoaxed,
thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting
conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other
ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in suc-
cession. Chance continually brought us together,
and prudence began to whisper, "you had better
return home." Still I lingered—till one even-
ing, towards the close of a long tea-table conver-
sation, on my saying "that I never considered
money and happiness as synonymous terms, and
thought it very possible to live on 300 a year," he
replied, "one million more—could you live on it
as well as I? You are doubtless acquainted with

me, and particularly the young ones—
and together in one corner of the room, and re-
counting the adventures of the day; embellishing the
relation every now and then by a loud general
laugh, which, for any thing the rest of the com-
pany knew to the contrary, may be directed at them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept
in close custody until the morning, when he was
taken before a neighboring justice of the peace,
to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that
on writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to
say, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself com-
mitted this murder."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BRIGHTON.

In a late work entitled letters on England, by
the Count de Soligny, a real or fictitious French
noblemen, the following account is given of the
mode in which the visitors at Brighton, the cele-
brated watering-place, pass their time.

"The usual hour of rising is about nine. Per-
haps an hour or two before this, two or three
of the party, (young ladies more new to the place
than the rest, and glad of an opportunity of look-
ing about them unchecked by the Argus eyes of
their mamma or aunts,) stroll to the sea
shore, and dip their finger into the water to taste
"how salt it is," or try how near they can put
their not very pretty feet to the little waves that
come rippling over each other, without being
caught by them; or wonder at the ocean, and con-
fess that "it is not near so large as they thought
it was." About nine they return; seldom with
out trophies of their enterprise—such as a "curi-
ous" stone with a hole in it, a dry star-fish, or a
long wet seaweed dangling from their fingers' ends.
By this time the rest of the company begin to drop
in, in parties of three or four, to the public eating
room, where a breakfast is prepared of tea, coffee,
eggs, &c. This lasts about an hour, during the
course of which each seldom fails to inform all the
rest who are within speaking distance, that "it's
a fine" or "a dull morning," as if each fancied
that all the others wanted the facility to find it
out. This generally forms the sum and substance
of the conversation during the breakfast, after
which the females retire. Some of them go to
their chambers an hour or two to read; not, how-
ever, the works of the authors we are acquainted
with in France—such as Voltaire and Pope, or
Steele or Addison, or Richardson and Fielding;
these appear to have gone quite out of fashion—
Nothing is to be seen but novels; written by no
matter who—any body or nobody—provided they
have attractive titles, such as "The Victim of Sen-
timent," or "The Recluse of the Forest," or
romances in verse and other in prose, written by a
living author named Scott, who has lately become
extravagantly popular among them. Others sit
down to a piano there is in the public sitting room;
and amuse themselves by playing and singing; in
both of which accomplishments I have as yet been
able to discover nothing remarkable, except a total
want of feeling either for their instrument, or
their music, or their hearers. Others are walking
on the sea shore to pick up shells, or, if the weath-
er is favourable, taking a dip in the sea, for
some cannot get leave of their parents to come here,
without promising to pay this tax at the shrine of
health. For the convenience of bathing they are
provided with wooden boxes, which go on wheels,
and are drawn a short distance into the water by
a horse. From this little moving house they de-
scend down steps; and, if they are afraid to go
themselves, they are assisted by women, who at-
tend for the purpose, and sometimes by men.
Those who are not occupied in any of these ways
will perhaps be found driving about the town or
neighbourhood, in little wooden machines a foot
from the ground, drawn by one or two donkeys—
or riding upon the backs of those animals, attend-
ed by a little boy behind to flag them on—I mean
the donkeys. I suppose you are putting on an in-
credulous smile at all this; but it is literally true,
I assure you. During this time the men are en-
gaged in reading newspapers, or playing at bill-
iards, (which they have no notion of,) or sailing
out in a filthy fishing boat, and coming back sick;
—or such as keep horses to ride up to the town,
where they exhibit their boasted skill in horse-
manship, by trying who can gallop fastest, or leap
in the best style over a ditch a yard wide, or a
hedge a foot high! All this fills up the time till
about three; when they return and dress for din-
ner, which takes place about half past four. This
is the only meal at which the English eat, and
the wonder is that, with their execrable cooking,
they can eat at all. The whole is put on the table
at once, except the pastry, which they never dine
without. The cloth then removed, and the wine
and desert put upon the bare table—They take
scarcely any wine with their dinner; and the fe-
males all leave the room a short time after it is
over. The men remain about an hour; when most
of the party assemble in the drawing room, and
the mistress of the house prepares tea. During
this operation some of the men amuse themselves
by talking, what I suppose they call gallantry, to
the ladies; to which the latter reply in terms
with exemplary politeness. But, generally speak-

ing, the men—and particularly the young ones—
stand together in one corner of the room, and re-
counting the adventures of the day; embellishing the
relation every now and then by a loud general
laugh, which, for any thing the rest of the com-
pany knew to the contrary, may be directed at them.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1736, Mr. Hay, a gentleman of
fortune, in travelling, stopped at an inn in Oxford-
shire, kept by one Jonathan Bradford. He
there met with two gentlemen with whom he sup-
pered, and in conversation guardedly mentioned
that he had then with him a considerable sum of
money. Having retired to rest, the two gentle-
men, who slept in a double bedded room, where
awakened by deep groans in the adjoining cham-
ber. They instantly arose and proceeded, silent-
ly to the room, whence the groans were heard.
The door was half open, and on entering they
perceived a person writhing in his blood, in the
bed and a man standing over him with a dark
lantern in one hand and a knife in the other.
They soon discovered that the gentleman mur-
dered was the one with whom they had supped,
and that the man who was standing over him was
their host. They instantly seized him, disarmed
him of the knife, and charged him with being the
murderer. He positively denied the crime, and
asserted that he came there with the same inten-
tions, as themselves, for that hearing a noise,
which was succeeded by groans, he got up, struck
a light and armed himself with a knife in his de-
fence, and was but that minute entered the room
before them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept
in close custody until the morning, when he was
taken before a neighboring justice of the peace,
to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that
on writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to
say, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself com-
mitted this murder."

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, Bradford was
tried, convicted, and shortly after executed; still
however declaring that he was not guilty of the
murder. This afterwards proved to be true; the
murder was actually committed by Mr. Hay's
footman, who immediately on stabbing his mas-
ter, rifled his pockets, and escaped to his own
room which was scarcely two seconds before
Bradford's entering the chamber. The world
owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience
of the footman on his death-bed eighteen months
after the murder; and dying almost immediately
after he had made the declaration, justice lost its
victim.

It is however remarkable, that Bradford, though
innocent, and not at all plying to the murder, was
nevertheless a murderer in design. He confessed
to the clergyman who attended him after his
sentence, that having heard that Mr. Hay had a
large sum of money about him, he went to the
chamber with the same diabolical intentions as
the servant. He was struck with amazement,
he could not believe his senses; and in turning
back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact,
he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bed-
ding, by which both his hands and knife be-
came stained, and thus increased the suspicious
circumstances in which he was found.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

COLLECTANEA.

How to live!—after a decade recipe.

If the duke of Q— does not extend his life to a
still longer period, it will not be for the want of cul-
lary comforts, and then other succulent arts by
which longevity is best promoted. His Grace's sus-
tenance is thus daily administered.—At 7 in the
morning he regulates in a warm milk bath, perfum-
ed with almond powder, when he takes his coffee
and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to his
bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on cof-
fee and milk, with new laid eggs, just parboiled, at eleven
he is presented with 120 Scotch fillets and
rumpsteak; at one he eats a well salted fish, a Maltese
not at three, fillets and eggs, at five a cup of cho-
colate and rumpsteak—at last after seven, he takes a
hearty dinner from his scented dishes, and makes
suitable libations of claret and Madeira—at ten,
tea, coffee, and milk—at twelve, soup on a roasted
poultry, with a plentiful dish of time punch
at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high
spirits, and sleeps until three, when his man, con-
sidering the hour, waits upon him in person with a hot
savory wet caplet, which, with a portion of wine
and water, prepares him for his future repose, that
continues generally uninterrupted until the morn-
ing summons him to his linen bath. In this rou-
tine of living comforts are the four and twenty hours
invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not
know with Sir Toby Belch, "that our life is com-
posed of the four elements," he knows at least,
with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "that it consists in
eating and drinking."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LUXURY OF FAIRMONY.

A person of rather singular habits, well known
by the name of Dicky Willan, has been at the
neighbourhood of Witherslack, England, for some
years, and is at present lodging at Matthew Mar-
tindale's, of Ulpha, reaping corn for James Tom-
linson. He regularly reaps, binds, and stacks, be-
tween 35 and 40 haystacks per day; and, what is
more remarkable, he lives upon nothing but
meal and water. He takes with him to the field a
small bag of meal, and a tin can; and when hun-
gry, he repairs to the nearest pool or ditch, and
then he repairs in luxury over a new made can of
crowd. About three years ago he reaped for Mr.
W. Stockdale, of Witherslack Hall, 42 or 43 hay-
stacks per day; his diet meal and water, his bed
the hay-mow. He is very worthy of notice, that
when this singular being has earned five or ten
pounds, he resorts to some public house, and then
makes merry with his neighbors till all is ex-
pend. It is not uncommon at these times to see a
little of gin, a bottle of rum, and a bottle of
brandy, all on the table at once, and the little
man sipping his companions to drink. When
these revels are over, he returns peaceably to his
labour, living upon meal and water, and sleeping
in out houses, till his purse is again replenished.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN INFERENCE.

A certain Master of Arts, reading a pompous
lecture on the powers of the human mind, defined
man as an animal that draws an inference. When
his lecture was concluded, two of his scholars,
who did not feel the definition quite satisfactory,
walked out to converse about it, and in their per-
ambulations through the town, saw inscribed upon
a door, "Woman, Drawing Master." They en-
tered his house, and after some other questions re-
lative to his profession, asked him what he could
draw! To which he replied, a landscape, a por-
trait, or a history piece. "Pray, sir," said one of
them, "can you draw an inference?" "Why,
truly," answered he, "never having seen one, I
cannot." On this they walked into another street,
where observing a brewer's dray, with a large
of them posted him on the flank, and remarked
that he seemed a very strong animal; to which the
drawman fully assented. "I dare say he can draw
a great weight," said the scholar. "Indeed he

can, must—," said the drawman, "I think he can
draw a very great weight."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HORSE AND GENTLEMAN.

Various have been the opinions upon the
force of speed between a well-bred horse and a
race horse, if exposed to the same conditions,
had been frequently indulged in, and the result
world, that some trifling change in the
which the superiority of speed could be
certainly, when the horse is in the hands of a
rally took place, and altered the result.
upon what had been previously ascertained, of
of great uncertainty. In the month of Novem-
1842, a match was to have been run, be-
ter race-horse for one hundred pounds, and
of the fastest having been drawn a horse, and
alone, that by running the ground the horse
sure the winner when having run the course.
In the race, the horse was accompanied by a
hitch, which joined her from the start, and
and eventually entering into the race, she
quitted the race with the mare, but was
offered, keeping steadily ahead of the mare,
reg an excellent treat to the spectators, who
marvelous of each. At passing the post, the
five to four was listed in favor of the mare,
when parallel with the stand it was seen, and
any person might have taken him for a
five to ten; the mare however, was
by a head at the termination of the race.

The country people who bring horses to the
stall, deliver over their horses to the owner
of the great timber magazine, who marks
backs with chalk in letters and figures, and
in which the horses were brought, and
her of them. It is a curious sight to
some horses away with half a dozen
to the mounting houses of the magazine,
Quarrel, with this singular species of man-
on their shoulders. In carrying to their
engaging in any other business, and
out the marks on their coats, and the
forever all evidence of the date. If they
before the treasurer, at the establishment,
they have no occasion to say a single word,
prevent their shoulder, and are immediately
The brush which the treasurer applied to his
shoulders is the horse's acquiescence.—*For the*
Travels in Norway.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE ORIGIN OF FIFTEEN.

A certain woman found by the way with a lamb
perishing with cold and hunger. She laid her
upon the lamb and took it into her arms and
nursed it and brought it again to life. And
it came to pass that the lamb grew up and was
a goodly ewe, and had a large flock. And the
poor woman showed the ewe, which had the price
came unto the woman and said, "Give me first
fruit of every thing becometh unto thee, and I
will have the wool." The woman said, "It is
the price and it is right, and so he took the
wool. And it came to pass that after some
two yeared and brought forth a lamb, and he
the chief priest came again unto the woman and
said, "The fruiting of every flock, and every
the Lord; I must have the lamb." And the
said "It is hard" the priest said "It is written"
and he took the lamb. And when it came to pass
that the woman found she could make no profit
from the ewe, she killed and dressed it; when he
the chief priest came again unto her, and took a
leg, a loin, and a shoulder, for a burnt offering.
And it came to pass that the poor woman was ex-
ceeding wroth because of the turnery, and she
said unto the chief priest, "Curse on the ewe, for
that I had never muddled there with." And the
chief priest straightway said unto her, "Whosoever
is cursed belongeth unto the Lord," so he took
the remainder of the mutton, which he and the
Levites ate for their supper.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

Nothing is so easy for a gentleman as to enter a
lady's drawing room, and nothing is so difficult as
to do it gracefully.

A mistress of arts is generally an overmatch for
a master of arts.

Those who extravagantly extol the superiority
of the ancients, should consider, that among them
they had not a linen shirt, or knew the benefits of
a pair of spectacles.

A handsome man is often valued more than a hand-
some woman.

When asked to dinner, either promptly accept
the invitation, or give a reason for declining it; but
do not make any pretence, as if you made your
acceptance a matter of favor.

In a mixed company let your conversation be
guarded; for, without intending it, you may say
something which a person present may consider
as personal, and for which you may be obliged to
make an apology.

Send your son into the world with good prin-
ciples, and a good education, and he will find his
way in the dark.

A guinea found in the street will not do a man
so much good as one earned by industry.

Give a man work and he will find money.
To attend to a long story told, requires more
than mortal patience.

A fine woman ought to add annually to her ac-
complishments, as much as her beauty loses in the
time.

If you wish to have a good crop of corn, weed
the field with great care. Do the same by your
mind.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BEAUTY.

The most plentiful source of
beauty is expression. It is this which gives a
commanding majesty, a winning softness, or other
graces to the countenance; for the face being
a picture of the mind, whatever amiable qualities
are discerned there give a lustre to the features
expressing them. Therefore, in our descriptions
of beauty, we employ epithets borrowed from
the sentiments, such as a cheerful, an innocent,
an honest, or a sensible countenance. Beauty in
the other sex delights us more, because we are
more interested in it. Women, on the contrary,
are very bad judges of one another's persons, be-
cause they are not affected by them; they judge
by rules, not by what they feel.

Many works of art are beautiful from their like-
ness to the works of nature; wherefore it
may be a beautiful copy of an ugly original—
famous statue of Laocoon is admired the be-
cause Laocoon himself would be the statue, which
holders; and we admit much, and greatly be-
old men with eyes
to hang on the
we should be

There is something from time to time, that is, the...
The extreme length of the animal is 3 feet 2 inches...
The animal is a new species, and is named after the...
The animal is a new species, and is named after the...

DRAMATIC.
Mr. Stoker, from Yorkshire, Eng. who is em-
phatically styled the Flying Phenomenon, made
his debut at the Circus in this city, on Thursday...

CAUTION TO SHOPKEEPERS.—During the last
week, goods to a considerable amount have
been obtained from certain stores, by im-
postors, professing to be the domestics of
respectable citizens, and getting the articles...

The Court of Common Pleas have decided, that
they will not re-hear an insolvent petition, after it
has been rejected on the merits.

The natural small pox has made its appearance,
and three victims to it are found in the list of last
week's interments.

It is stated that the Lehigh Company
have discovered a large body of coal, with-
in a mile and a half of the landing on the
river. The coal heretofore brought to our
market had to be carted between eight and
nine miles.

We understand, says the National Intelligencer
of Thursday last, that Commodore Porter has
ordered his broad pendant to be hoisted in board
the John Adams, and that the vessel of war now
in the United States, and composing part of his
squadron, will sail about the 1st of December...

On the 29th inst. a quantity of combustible
matter, very ingeniously contrived for effecting
the incendiary's diabolical purpose, was found in
the cellar of the China Store, No. 26 North Third-

The match, though considerably burnt,
had fortunately gone out without taking effect.

COMMERCIALLY IMPORTANT.
The Charleston Patriot of Monday states,
that "Capt. F. Sumner, of the schr. Rolla,
from Barbadoes, bound to Wilmington, N. C.
put into Georgetown last week, in dis-
tress, reports that a British Packet had ar-
rived at Barbadoes with despatches from the
British government, ordering a heavy
increased tonnage on American vessels.

The Secretary of the Navy arrived in this city
yesterday morning from Trenton, and left here
again at twelve o'clock for Washington.

MANUSCRIPT OF BONAPARTE.
A Paris paper, on the authority of a journal, in
Warsaw, announces that Count Dzialinski has
brought to that city from Paris, a very interesting
manuscript. It is a volume in small folio, of thirty
or forty pages, entirely written by Napoleon. The
identity of the hand writing is guaranteed by a
certificate signed by Montholon, Monnier, and
Bassano. This volume contains several curious
documents relative to the history of France and
Europe, there is also a paper on the improvement
of the Turkish artillery, and several fragments of
the Italian campaign. But what is particularly
worthy of attention is a plan of the first Spanish
campaign, dictated by Bonaparte to the Duke
d'Abrantes, on the margin of which are several
notes. Finally, some documents hitherto un-
known, containing different secret plans, relative
to the limitation of the frontiers between France
and Austria, complete this manuscript.

A boy about 8 years of age, called on Mr. Cooper,
residing in North Fifth-street, and presented
him with a bowl of oysters, mentioning at the same
time that he had been sent by one of his opposite
neighbors, who had an oyster supper that evening
and had sent them to him as a present. The oys-
ters were received, but it was near ten o'clock be-
fore they concluded on eating them in consequence
of Mr. C. being somewhat surprised at the name
which the boy mentioned on the delivery of the
oysters. He declined eating them, thinking that
the boy had mistaken the house, and that he would
call again. They waited some time, but no boy
returning, they concluded to eat them, rather than
let them spoil, which, in the course of half an hour,
operated in a most severe manner upon Mr. and
Mrs. Cooper, who were sick during the whole
night. The next morning a physician was called in,
who examined the bowl, in which was found
sufficient arsenic to poison at least half a dozen
persons. It is hoped that every exertion will be
made to bring the person or persons who may be
concerned in this transaction to justice.

THE FINE ARTS.
I have had an opportunity of viewing the
"Prophecy of Simeon," a recent painting by Mr.
Simeon. It is a happy illustration of the divine event,
and depicts to the senses, the living Simeon, im-
porting to us a portion of the stillness and solemn-
ity which reigns in his audience.

The figure of Simeon in the foreground of the
painting is energetic—the Spirit of Prophecy is
upon him. The startling look and countenance

of Joseph expresses that the declaration of the ve-

nerable man, "a light to enlighten the Gentiles,"

was new, and unthought of by him. But the coun-

tenance of Mary, sweet and quiet, tells that these

things are not new to her—she had treasured them

in her heart. The humble action of the prostrate

man in union with the scene, and the lovely

little cherub under his care is not the least attrac-

tive part of the piece; his cheeks are glowing

with health and innocence. The boy in front and

the kneeling female, her countenance hid by her

soft flowing tresses, and her hands upraised, the

mingled emotions in the countenance of her father

looking over the shoulder of Mary—the figure of

Elizabeth, leaning partly forward and always

eagerly listening to the prophecy—and the digni-

fied sensibility in the countenance of Zechariah the

high priest—all afford a feast for the imagination.

Although I find my pen inadequate to give a de-

scription of this beautiful painting, or to express

the solemnity of my feelings while contemplating it,

yet I trust the number of those who will take

the present opportunity of seeing it, and can ap-

preciate its merits, will prove a handsome com-

pliment to the Artist. For it must be conceded that

he whose genius could paint the fine picture of

Saint John Preaching in the Wilderness, in the

year 1811 (12 years since), and the Wood Gatherer,

so much admired while exhibited in the Academy

of Fine Arts in 1815—who could produce the

Infuriated Maniac, and Celadon and Amelia—the

Christ Crowned, and Haman Accused—has those

claims on the public attention which a lively and

native genius, matured by thirteen years expe-

rience, demands.

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.
Our city has recently received a learned visitant,
well qualified to instruct us in this noble and hea-

ven-determining science. It is to be regretted that

as yet Philadelphia cannot accommodate him with a

house more suitable than the Theatre for the dis-

play of his very splendid Apparatus.

True—that House acquires a temporary dignity

by the use to which it is now devoted; but there

are weighty objections against it, which, on account

of the association of ideas, cannot be removed.

Many lovers of Astronomical science will forever

deny themselves the rational gratification of attend-

ing the Professor's Courses of Lectures, because

of their well grounded detestation of theatrical per-

formances, knowing their baneful effects on every

community who have countenanced them.

Could not the CENTRE HOUSE be fitted up, with

little expense for the purpose? An Observatory

on the top would not only be very ornamental,

but invite our Citizens to hold converse, through

the approximating medium of the Telescope, with

surrounding Worlds, thus elevating their minds to

the contemplation of Him "who lengtheneth them all

upon nothing,"—callesth their hosts by name,—

governeth them by His Word,—and upholdeth them

solely "by the Word of His Power."

THEOPHILUS MISONINOS.

A TABLE
Showing the number of votes given for Governor
in the year 1820, and in 1823.

COUNTIES.	1820.	1823.
Adams	791	1940
Allegheny	1702	1749
Armstrong	1016	495
Beaver	858	1100
Bedford	1545	1458
Berks	2757	4353
Bradford	915	788
Bucks	1878	3043
Butler	779	438
Cambria	191	207
Centre and Clearfield	1516	816
Chester	2530	3328
Columbia	1148	916
Crawford	581	580
Cumberland	1886	1828
Dauphin	1304	2000
Delaware	360	1103
Eric	419	415
Fayette	2021	1463
Franklin	2200	2339
Greene	1299	507
Huntingdon	1196	1612
Indiana and Jefferson	977	432
Lancaster	3176	5073
Lebanon	1206	1290
Lehigh	1686	1070
Luzerne	1124	1065
Lytle, Potter, & McKn	1137	769
Mercer	868	582
Mifflin	1503	1184
Montgomery	2827	2516
Northampton	2714	1605
Northumberland	1300	1031
Perry	933	754
Philadelphia City	1544	3400
Philadelphia County	3065	3508
Pike	216	287
Schuylkill	708	940
Somerset	819	1215
Susquehanna	663	496
Tioga	395	149
Union	1040	1621
Wayne	228	226
Warren	175	96
Venango	514	190
Washington	3037	1814
Westmoreland	2266	2104
York	2621	2131

Majorities, 1603 25779

Marine Intelligence.
[Collected weekly for the Saturday Evening Post.]

Arrived—Oct. 27, Ship Louisa, Foadyke, Liver-
pool, 41 days—28th, schr. Olive Branch, Porto
Rico, 20 days—29th, Philadelphia, Barnes, Havana,
17 days—30th, ship Orleans, Hardie, New-Orleans, 24
days—31st, brig James & Mary, Abbot, Turks
Island, 14 days—schr. Mary Washington, Rea,
Kingston via Turks Island, 11 days—30th, schr.
Lydia Davis, Cozma, Nevie & St. Eustatia, 14 days
—schr. Mid of the Mill, Walker, Maracaibo, 21
days—31st, schr. Washington, Decker, Havana,
23 days—ship Ohio, Merrick, New-Orleans, 23
days.

Cleared—Oct. 27th, brig Decatur, Wimmero,
La Guira—29th, ship Gen. Wade Hampton, Har-
rison, Charleston—ship Venus, Champlin, New-
Orleans—brig Victory, Gibson, Mobile—30th,
brig President, Wooten, Havana—brig Favourite,
Morrison, Maracaibo.

Letter Bags at the Coffee House.
Ship Alexander, Baldwin—Liverpool, Nov. 20
Fanny, Mathews—N. Orleans, Oct. 19
Ship Balaton, Bowens—Liverpool, Nov. 10
Ship Ellen, Mosey—N. Orleans, Nov. 10
Elizabeth Ann, Bonkas—N. Orleans, Nov. 10

An act was passed by the Legislature of New-
York, at the last session, incorporating a com-
pany for erecting and putting in operation a Steam
Grist and Saw Mill, and granting the company
banking privileges. The capital, we believe, is
\$100,000, and two years were allowed, for erect-
ing the mill. We learn from the Salem Mes-
senger, that "in consequence of the improvements
said to have been made in the Steam Engine by
our countryman, Perkins, the President and Di-
rectors of the institution, have made application
to the Legislature for an extension of the time al-
lowed said company for building the Steam Mill.

On Sunday night, there was an alarm of
fire in this city, which proceeded from the
Circus, to which a well dressed man had
communicated fire. He was pursued by a
watchman but escaped. Combustibles were
ready laid, and if the incendiary had not
been seen, the consequences might have
been very destructive.

Caution to Shopkeepers.—During the last
week, goods to a considerable amount have
been obtained from certain stores, by im-
postors, professing to be the domestics of
respectable citizens, and getting the articles
to show, as they said, to their employ-
ers. In this way, one shopkeeper has been
defrauded of three merino shawls, and an-
other of four.

The Court of Common Pleas have decided, that
they will not re-hear an insolvent petition, after it
has been rejected on the merits.

The natural small pox has made its appearance,
and three victims to it are found in the list of last
week's interments.

It is stated that the Lehigh Company
have discovered a large body of coal, with-
in a mile and a half of the landing on the
river. The coal heretofore brought to our
market had to be carted between eight and
nine miles.

We understand, says the National Intelligencer
of Thursday last, that Commodore Porter has
ordered his broad pendant to be hoisted in board
the John Adams, and that the vessel of war now
in the United States, and composing part of his
squadron, will sail about the 1st of December
next—by which time every cause of disease will,
no doubt, have disappeared.

On the 29th inst. a quantity of combustible
matter, very ingeniously contrived for effecting
the incendiary's diabolical purpose, was found in
the cellar of the China Store, No. 26 North Third-

The match, though considerably burnt,
had fortunately gone out without taking effect.

COMMERCIALLY IMPORTANT.
The Charleston Patriot of Monday states,
that "Capt. F. Sumner, of the schr. Rolla,
from Barbadoes, bound to Wilmington, N. C.
put into Georgetown last week, in dis-
tress, reports that a British Packet had ar-
rived at Barbadoes with despatches from the
British government, ordering a heavy
increased tonnage on American vessels.

The Secretary of the Navy arrived in this city
yesterday morning from Trenton, and left here
again at twelve o'clock for Washington.

MANUSCRIPT OF BONAPARTE.
A Paris paper, on the authority of a journal, in
Warsaw, announces that Count Dzialinski has
brought to that city from Paris, a very interesting
manuscript. It is a volume in small folio, of thirty
or forty pages, entirely written by Napoleon. The
identity of the hand writing is guaranteed by a
certificate signed by Montholon, Monnier, and
Bassano. This volume contains several curious
documents relative to the history of France and
Europe, there is also a paper on the improvement
of the Turkish artillery, and several fragments of
the Italian campaign. But what is particularly
worthy of attention is a plan of the first Spanish
campaign, dictated by Bonaparte to the Duke
d'Abrantes, on the margin of which are several
notes. Finally, some documents hitherto un-
known, containing different secret plans, relative
to the limitation of the frontiers between France
and Austria, complete this manuscript.

A boy about 8 years of age, called on Mr. Cooper,
residing in North Fifth-street, and presented
him with a bowl of oysters, mentioning at the same
time that he had been sent by one of his opposite
neighbors, who had an oyster supper that evening
and had sent them to him as a present. The oys-
ters were received, but it was near ten o'clock be-
fore they concluded on eating them in consequence
of Mr. C. being somewhat surprised at the name
which the boy mentioned on the delivery of the
oysters. He declined eating them, thinking that
the boy had mistaken the house, and that he would
call again. They waited some time, but no boy
returning, they concluded to eat them, rather than
let them spoil, which, in the course of half an hour,
operated in a most severe manner upon Mr. and
Mrs. Cooper, who were sick during the whole
night. The next morning a physician was called in,
who examined the bowl, in which was found
sufficient arsenic to poison at least half a dozen
persons. It is hoped that every exertion will be
made to bring the person or persons who may be
concerned in this transaction to justice.

THE FINE ARTS.
I have had an opportunity of viewing the
"Prophecy of Simeon," a recent painting by Mr.
Simeon. It is a happy illustration of the divine event,
and depicts to the senses, the living Simeon, im-
porting to us a portion of the stillness and solemn-
ity which reigns in his audience.

The figure of Simeon in the foreground of the
painting is energetic—the Spirit of Prophecy is
upon him. The startling look and countenance

of Joseph expresses that the declaration of the ve-

nerable man, "a light to enlighten the Gentiles,"

was new, and unthought of by him. But the coun-

tenance of Mary, sweet and quiet, tells that these

things are not new to her—she had treasured them

in her heart. The humble action of the prostrate

man in union with the scene, and the lovely

little cherub under his care is not the least attrac-

tive part of the piece; his cheeks are glowing

with health and innocence. The boy in front and

the kneeling female, her countenance hid by her

soft flowing tresses, and her hands upraised, the

mingled emotions in the countenance of her father

looking over the shoulder of Mary—the figure of

Elizabeth, leaning partly forward and always

eagerly listening to the prophecy—and the digni-

fied sensibility in the countenance of Zechariah the

high priest—all afford a feast for the imagination.

Although I find my pen inadequate to give a de-

scription of this beautiful painting, or to express

the solemnity of my feelings while contemplating it,

yet I trust the number of those who will take

the present opportunity of seeing it, and can ap-

preciate its merits, will prove a handsome com-
pliment to the Artist. For it must be conceded that
he whose genius could paint the fine picture of
Saint John Preaching in the Wilderness, in the
year 1811 (12 years since), and the Wood Gatherer,

so much admired while exhibited in the Academy
of Fine Arts in 1815—who could produce the
Infuriated Maniac, and Celadon and Amelia—the
Christ Crowned, and Haman Accused—has those
claims on the public attention which a lively and
native genius, matured by thirteen years expe-
rience, demands.

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.
Our city has recently received a learned visitant,
well qualified to instruct us in this noble and hea-

ven-determining science. It is to be regretted that
as yet Philadelphia cannot accommodate him with a
house more suitable than the Theatre for the dis-
play of his very splendid Apparatus.

True—that House acquires a temporary dignity
by the use to which it is now devoted; but there
are weighty objections against it, which, on account
of the association of ideas, cannot be removed.

Many lovers of Astronomical science will forever
deny themselves the rational gratification of attend-
ing the Professor's Courses of Lectures, because
of their well grounded detestation of theatrical per-
formances, knowing their baneful effects on every
community who have countenanced them.

Could not the CENTRE HOUSE be fitted up, with
little expense for the purpose? An Observatory
on the top would not only be very ornamental,

but invite our Citizens to hold converse, through
the approximating medium of the Telescope, with
surrounding Worlds, thus elevating their minds to

the contemplation of Him "who lengtheneth them all
upon nothing,"—callesth their hosts by name,—
governeth them by His Word,—and upholdeth them
solely "by the Word of His Power."

THEOPHILUS MISONINOS.

A TABLE
Showing the number of votes given for Governor
in the year 1820, and in 1823.

COUNTIES.	1820.	1823.
Adams	791	1940
Allegheny	1702	1749
Armstrong	1016	495
Beaver	858	1100
Bedford	1545	1458
Berks	2757	4353
Bradford	915	788
Bucks	1878	3043
Butler	779	438
Cambria	191	207
Centre and Clearfield	1516	816
Chester	2530	3328
Columbia	1148	916
Crawford	581	580
Cumberland	1886	1828
Dauphin	1304	2000
Delaware	360	1103
Eric	419	415
Fayette	2021	1463
Franklin	2200	2339
Greene	1299	507
Huntingdon	1196	1612
Indiana and Jefferson	977	432
Lancaster	3176	5073
Lebanon	1206	1290
Lehigh	1686	1070
Luzerne	1124	1065
Lytle, Potter, & McKn	1137	769
Mercer	868	582
Mifflin	1503	1184
Montgomery	2827	2516
Northampton	2714	1605
Northumberland	1300	1031
Perry	933	754
Philadelphia City	1544	3400
Philadelphia County	3065	3508
Pike	216	287
Schuylkill	708	940
Somerset	819	1215
Susquehanna	663	496
Tioga	395	149
Union	1040	1621
Wayne	228	226
Warren	175	96
Venango	514	190
Washington	3037	1814
Westmoreland	2266	2104
York	2621	2131

Majorities, 1603 25779

Marine Intelligence.
[Collected weekly for the Saturday Evening Post.]

Arrived—Oct. 27, Ship Louisa, Foadyke, Liver-
pool, 41 days—28th, schr. Olive Branch, Porto
Rico, 20 days—29th, Philadelphia, Barnes, Havana,
17 days—30th, ship Orleans, Hardie, New-Orleans, 24
days—31st, brig James & Mary, Abbot, Turks
Island, 14 days—schr. Mary Washington, Rea,
Kingston via Turks Island, 11 days—30th, schr.
Lydia Davis, Cozma, Nevie & St. Eustatia, 14 days
—schr. Mid of the Mill, Walker, Maracaibo, 21
days—31st, schr. Washington, Decker, Havana,
23 days—ship Ohio, Merrick, New-Orleans, 23
days.

Cleared—Oct. 27th, brig Decatur, Wimmero,
La Guira—29th, ship Gen. Wade Hampton, Har-
rison, Charleston—ship Venus, Champlin, New-
Orleans—brig Victory, Gibson, Mobile—30th,
brig President, Wooten, Havana—brig Favourite,
Morrison, Maracaibo.

Letter Bags at the Coffee House.
Ship Alexander, Baldwin—Liverpool, Nov. 20
Fanny, Mathews—N. Orleans, Oct. 19
Ship Balaton, Bowens—Liverpool, Nov. 10
Ship Ellen, Mosey—N. Orleans, Nov. 10
Elizabeth Ann, Bonkas—N. Orleans, Nov. 10

PRICE CURRENT.
Bacon (per lb.) 10 1/2
Beef (per lb.) 10 1/2
Butter (per lb.) 10 1/2
Cheese (per lb.) 10 1/2
Eggs (per doz.) 10 1/2
Flour (per bush.) 10 1/2

Street Signs, C.R. Iron, Bicycles, Trenches, Axes, Hacks and Hoes, Kettles, Stoves and Tongs, Griddles, Iron and Patent Cast